

KARANBLADE

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d20 campaign setting



Arrais, Gryphon

Introduction

In a small room deep in the dark of a hidden cave system in a place that is not, a bell rings and a figure shuffles into site.

'Well Scholar you shall have what you wanted.' Says the cowed figure, in a voice that betrayed great age or great knowledge or both.

Why are you here? you think to yourself, confused for a moment.

'Do not worry young sir the confusion will pass soon, it is a function of being outside' Says the stooped figure illogically for you are patently inside a cave but not unkindly.

Slowly and with increasing clarity you remember why you are here and gasp with the sheer unreality of the situation. You are in the Library; the one that

Book of All Things

In the beginning there was something, and that something began to know of itself and in knowing itself it began to learn of the difference between self and other than self. In an attempt to learn more of the not self, it began to fill this not self with shapes and patterns.

Thus began the First Time, because before this there was no time.

Having brought these shapes and patterns into being the entity began to more clearly understand that there was nothing of itself in these shapes and patterns, and it yearned for something more. Learning more now about self and not self it began to understand that if it was self and around it shapes and patterns that were not self, than as it had made the shapes and pattern then all was self and it was alone.

Being unhappy with alone and yearning to experience not alone it caused other entities which were not of the shapes and patterns and which were not wholly itself to be. Patterning these entities after its own being, infusing them unconsciously with it's yearning for companionship the creator bore it's first beloved children. Thus began the Second Time for this follows the Time that was First.

In this Second time the entity was happy for a long time sharing all the shapes and patterns with it's new found companions. Born out of a need for companionship they were blissfully happy fulfilling their role. But no matter how much they were encouraged they could not add to the shapes and patterns that were created. Because they were the embodiment of the entity's need for companionship they were not interested in creating just with being with the entity.

Eventually the entity began to know unfulfilment, oh it loved it's companions, who wouldn't they were part of its very self so why wouldn't it. But it wanted new patterns and shapes not of it's making to study and marvel at. Communicating it's desires with it's children, for there was no secrets some were dismayed, knowing soon they would not be alone with the entity, and that was their reason for being, so jealousy and fear were born. Thus ended the Second Time and with it this ending the seeds of the Never Ending War were sown.

Angelic Text

FRMCRMCFSSIRI NBMFMN
FRMFMFN INMFMRSMTIC
RFNMF MNRBNMIXMTS
BMSSTMARFFXMTS
CNRSTMRFMFMRS IS TMM
FRMFMNMTMFMFRFRFMSB
FFMM

Angelic script, or Demonic for that matter, is very difficult to translate since there is more meaning in the way it is written than the writing itself.

Direct translation is often unhelpful but it is all we have here,

For the good of all to end the war a beautiful sword of heavenly steel in depths of hell, blessed of angels, cursed of demons is to be made to kill them all.

was before, is now and always will be. It is not a myth as you were told it is real and true. All the ages knowledge lies at your fingertips but what are you looking for, what has driven you to the lengths you dimly remember going to to get here.

Two words ring in your head

Karan Blade and;

Bamphozz'ah

Inside you are in turmoil riven by conflicting desires desperate at last understand finally what is going on, and terrified about what you fear. Pulled this way and that by your emotions it as if you are being born. With great trepidation you begin to study the texts before you.

To further it's ends the Creator, for that is who the entity is, changed the shapes and patterns it had made and allowed the spheres to come into being. Seeding this new thing with need to become organised and a wish to make shapes and patterns of their own the Creator withdrew. From this primordial something,

The Creator created it's chosen, but was not satisfied. So it created the Gods and all the spheres. The New Gods in their turn filled the spheres with their makings and the Creator was happy. Then, one of his beloved children jealous of the Gods tried to usurp the Creator and become the master of all spheres, and failed. Now this Fallen is trapped in this sphere hidden in our world, known to the wise as Bamphozz'ah, master of Demons know to all as the bringer of all chaos.

In the time before time, long before the first ancestor of today's intelligent races used their first tool and well before even the ancient elder civilisations on our world blossomed, the Never Ending war had been raging for an uncountable time. This war was and still is fought on a scale and scope of quite unbelievable proportions between the chosen minions of the light and those of darkness. What began this war and why it continues on is a matter for speculation.

Dorian the Wise

for it is not out of nothing that something is born, separate entities grew and formed and became aware of self and not self and self and other than self which was new. Born of the Creators need to create new shapes and patterns these entities did just that in a chaotic and unstructured manner. Some of the new entities began to conflict with one another and some were destroyed, and so death was born. Thus began the Time of the Gods.

With this seeing all the new patterns being made and shapes formed the Creator withdrew to observe. Taking with him no one and nothing, but giving instruction to those left behind to serve these new Gods as they would itself. There were those that were happy to serve in the hope that their master will return and those that railed at being separate from the Creator, some of these departing all known ken in search of their Master, and some were so hurt by the rejection that they vowed to be revenged. These latter took up with some of the more power hungry of the New Gods and began plotting to end all that was newly wrought and so bring back their Master.

As planets cooled, suns ignited and the planes took shape and form there began a rivalry which is still going on today,

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those that serve the Masters will, those that deny it and those that refuse to serve it, good and bad do not come into it this is not a matter of morality it is just a difference of opinion between those that would follow and those that will not.

Inevitably, this led to war, a war of appalling scope and magnitude, twisting the very essence of those fighting in it. The Gods and the Creators children serving them who followed the Masters words began to be associated with all that is good and fine, and the others, became associated with the opposite. So Good and Evil and all that stands between were born. Those children that followed the master became Angelic pure in

From the History of Terra Proxima

The War raged on and on and the casualties on both sides were enormous, without any seeming lasting gain by either side, when it became obvious there were less and less of the first children (Angels, and Demons) to fight in the armies. For the children have no souls, why would they have an immortal soul when they were not expected to ever not be, and the creator had not envisaged them stopping one another from being.

So where were the lives of the chosen going?

Do you really want to know, you will not like it?

Each of the groups involved chose a different route to combat this problem.

The Fallen those Demons, well they simply chose not to worry about such things as their own death. Everyone knows of the arrogance of a Demon, each Demon is an individual, supremely self-centred, why should they worry about their own non-being that is something that happened to underlings or the weak not the strong.

The True the Angels being of compassionate bent decided that enough lives had been wasted and that something would have to be done to end it all. What better way to end it all than to destroy one of the most powerful of the Fallen? Negotiation or peace treaties were not even broached, this war was no longer about what it started about but was now purely about winning.

Discovering in one of the oldest of Angelic texts that a blade made in a specific way would have the ability slay any Demon or the vile beings that serve them so the martial Angels of D'Aeon's House decided to make and use it.

Reasoning that as the Fallen believe no one can stand before the might of a Demon Lord, killing one would make even the most voracious of the Fallen feel in personal danger and make them sue for peace. Knowing that nothing that is purely good can ever destroy that which is destruction incarnate, it was decided that the only way to truly destroy the Demon Lord was to make the weapon and infuse it with the power of light and darkness. To do this a small host of Angels from D'Aeon's House took some blessed metal from the heavens and descended into the underworld disguised as their Fallen brothers. They took the metal down to depths of the lowest pit in the

thought and deed and their fallen brothers Demonic and devilish twisted in thought and deed.

The war was fought in ways that can not be described, across all the spheres, with weapons that can not be mentioned for fear that someone might use them, Gods died, worlds died, whole spheres were reduced to uninhabited wastelands. In the world we know the armies of the fallen, as those that defy the creator came to be called, are lead by *Bamphozz'ah*.

Thus began the our time, when the worlds were formed and the peoples of all the spheres began to evolve to the will of the Gods and the Never Ending War forged onwards.

whole of the underworld, and in the fire that made up it's heart began to forge a sword of might and power.

Singing songs, casting holy spells and praising the names of the Gods of Light is not the safest thing to do in the underworld but to forge the sword it was deemed necessary to do so. They avoided notice for a long time so deep were they but eventually a Demon lord discovered the Angels and sent his forces to destroy them and gather their finished blade.

The host of the True fought bravely and long with thought only to get the forged blade out from it's underworld birthing and into it's heavenly home. Time has no meaning in conflicts such as these but the Angels were simply not powerful enough nor numerous enough to escape, and eventually the inevitable occurred and the last of them fell. Taking the bodies of the slain the Demons cast the bodies of the True into the everlasting flame of the very forge that they had used to forge the sword.

All the while the horde of Demon lords searched for the sword, for in death had the Angels frustrated their fallen brothers. When the last of the Angels fell the sword was not to be found, how were the Demons to find it, and where was it.

A strange creature, part Demon and part fairy, named Mullog the Fey, was summoned from its miserable lair deep in the pit by the fighting, and it stole away the sword during the height of the battle. Seized by an uncontrollable desire to leave that place the agile creature ran away from the depths with the sword in his hands. When the chief of the Angels saw this it smiled, ordering his fellow Angels to fight on to the death, knowing that the sword was safely gone from that place and would find its own way home, for such was part of the dweomer on the blade.

So the tale reaches these lands and the involvement of the people of our world in the story of the creator begins.

Driven ever onwards by fear of the first children, the True or the Fallen, and by a strange longing Mullog eventually reached a verdant and peaceful world after an uncountable period of flight. His long journey was ended at last for the longing to move onwards had gone. He felt safe to rest on this our world, where he lived until his death, for though of immense lifespan he was not immortal. He watched as civilisations rose

D'Aeon's Folly

House D'Aeon's belief that killing one Demon would threaten them all and cause peace to be possible just shows how little the two sides understand one another.

It was and is a foolish and deeply flawed belief, because there is simply no way that a Demon would believe it is vulnerable just because someone else dies. If the House D'Aeon had succeeded all they would have done is remove one of the Fallen, to pursued all the Demons it would be necessary to threaten each one individually, and there is no safe way of doing that short of killing them all.

In undertaking this mission however they did succeed in their stated goal as the War was suspended while both sides searched the spheres for the sword. And that took a long time.

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and fell taking little or no part in them. He spoke to people when they came to him, telling tales of his travels and of the wonders and horrors he had seen, but most of all of the Endless War and of his part in the theft of his trophy, his sword. Gently living out his life in safety and comfort, for he was a tale teller of some ability much in demand by the princes and kings of that time, he never questioning why he felt safe nor why he had been drawn to our world.

After his death the sword, which he went to such great lengths to acquire and protect vanished from all eyes and his tales of Angels and Demons and the eternal struggle between them fell into myth and legend as many things that are true do.

From the History of the Golden Age

On Terra Proxima at the end of the Golden Age Andallon was the ruler of all the known lands. In the way of history he was known as a wise and honourable man, whether he was or wasn't true is unknown to any human alive today, and the longer lived races will not say. The capital of this great kingdom was the great city of Torannia, where in paladins shared seats with the wisest priests and magicians at Andallon's circular table of government, truly a golden age.

Enlightenment and honour were not something to be sought they were something that was, or so the histories say. The whole realm was civilised, even the harshest of races had fallen under civilisations spell, many more people were alive than today peopling the land with cities and towns which today's inhabitants can only dream of living in. Schools were open to all, learning was an honourable profession and crime was of the minor sorts. In today's land of monsters and brigands, when the unwary can fall foul of all sorts of inimical encounters it is unsurprising that the we would look back on this as a golden age.

Wars were not the done thing in Andallon's time, all the races lived if not in complete harmony at least with an acceptance of difference and an unwillingness to undertake overtly hostilities. This was a merchant's paradise, trade was open, technology and magic unavailable today made the transport and selling of goods the favoured method of enhancing ones position. Everyone had some of life's luxuries and many had more than some, people were happy and prosperous, it was a golden age.

There is a saying that all good things come to an end but if you talked to any at the time of Andallon no one would have believed you, they were wrong, the golden age was ending.

One day, reports of strange and unexplained occurrences began to reach the Royal Seat at Torannia, the sky most often blue and beautiful shone pink as if in the morning before a storm. This was no normal colour and the wisest of sages on the council were stumped, was it an

Woe unto us for the sword made from holy steel of D'Aeon in the eternal fire from the forges of the Deep Hells was not forgotten by it's searchers.

Neither the Angels nor the Demons had given up on their search for the artefact, and eventually the forces of good and evil found our world. And so ended it's childhood, a golden age of peace and tranquillity, of nothing more serious than the odd war here and there, and those that understood wept for the loss of innocence.

These are the truths;

The Great War between Heaven and Hell happened and was happening still

Tales told to frighten children about Demons coming to get you were true, and they were coming in force.

Mullog the Fey tale teller existed and much more importantly the sword he carried

The Demon Lord or Fallen Angel that the sword forged in hell by angels was destined to slay was behind the troubles of the world.

Not only was this Demon Lord and his minions behind the troubles he was personally coming to our world to supervise it's destruction.

This arrogant fallen son of the creator is Bamphozz'ah.

Lastly and most terrifying of all it was revealed that Bamphozz'ah had chosen to end the search for sword by the expedient method of destroying this our world. For neither the Fallen or the True could find the sword lying dormant on our world. By destroying our world as he and his brethren had so many others would bury forever the only weapon that the Demon lords fear. The sword forged by the Angels in the Heart of Darkness, of holy steel cursed by Demons.

omen. Yes it was and not a good one, it foreshadowed the end of the golden age.

In outlying lands whole villages and towns were denuded of people and livestock. What remains were found were simply revolting for the peace loving people of Andallon's world. Partially eaten dismembered corpses, limbs strewn around or piled up in heaps, heads hanging like fruit from trees, bones collected into geometric shapes and the headless bodies of children used as paintbrushes in cabalistic rituals. There were no witnesses for no one survived the attacks, the very earth refused to remember what had happened upon its body. What was going on?

Andallon called upon Meldor, chief amongst his advisors on uncanny matters, to find an explanation for these terrible and disturbing these things. Mage and priest Meldor had resources not open to those who live in our time, magical devices, spells auguries all were focused on the task at hand, finding out what was going on. Entire colleges of mages, conclaves of druids and nature priests, learned priests from seminaries and scholarly monks in ancient monasteries were put to work poring over old texts, old manuscripts and ancient wisdom looking for a clue. All the while the outlying lands were assaulted, but never openly and never were witnesses could remain to tell of what had occurred.

A spate of doomsayers began to pop up in every town, village, city, or other gathering place of people prophesying the end of the world. Doom was no longer a word in books it was something that everyone felt, dreams of winged agents of chaos were dreamt by every man woman and child through out the whole of the lands, the word Demon was whispered by those in the know. Madness stalked the land and claimed many victims.

Eventually after much toil Meldor and his loyal associates finally found an answer, or in all likelihood the answer found them, for this did not come from the books and learning of the people of the world but from the land itself.

Speaking to Meldor through the priests and druids who revere her the land, our beloved mother spoke of things never before learned by even the most lore minded or history probing sage or scholar. What was learned by Meldor was too awful for him to believe but believe it he did, for who would gainsay a world.

The Book the End

The knowledge so learned by Meldor was gained almost too late for all, for what was the King to do against such enemies. He appealed to his vassals and allies for help and council, but the work of the Fallen had been long and subtly in it's execution. Not all Demons or their agents could be recognised as such and over time these agents had been manipulating the kingdom in ways that were to become clear. Normal reticence against strangers and the different had been strengthened to dislike and malice. The great houses of the elves and the dwarves always tense had become outright bickering and undeclared war. The general population had become surly and distrustful, it was the fault of the rich said the poor, that this fate was befalling them, it was never the rich who were slaughtered, always the poor. The rich merchants blamed the peasants calling them lazy. The great Paladins and Mages, Priests and Druids, of all the faiths were loosing focus and bickering among themselves, where before harmony and equality. Compassion was for the weak said the unseen voices of the Demons and their agents, take what you want it is yours by right. Exploit the weak if you don't they will pull you down and take that which is yours.

Eventually the bright unity of the world ended, and outright war broke out between the men of Torannia, the dwarves of the Rotun Mountains, the elves of Mahul Maakh and the Orcs of the Barren Mountains. While all the lands were being rent apart by these pointless wars, Bamphozz'ah finally came from his eternal sleep to destroy the now fragile known civilization. Weakened from within by his minions the world was ripe for the plucking, for who could stand now all the great and good in the world were hell bent on destroying one another.

But as in times past and times to come up stood a Hero, a warrior blessed by the world itself, supported by the Gods remaining tied to the world. A last Great Hope for Peace, and a figurehead to unite the people. Who was he? He was Galtar Karan, or greatest hero, never had his like been seen before nor since. From nowhere he came, he arrived just when all hope was being extinguished. No scholar alive to day can tell you who he was or where he was born, if he was born at all, and not sprung forth from the bosom of our very earth. All that is known is that he wielded a blade of legend, the Sword of Eternal Flame, out of Dordread, known by all as 'Karan Blade'.

What even the youngest child or oldest crone knows is that the hero Galtar Karan finally defeated the Bamphozz'ah dismissing and banishing the Fallen from our land.

But the warfare that preceding this greatest of victory was not without price the Royal Family and all the greatest of the wise were lost. The land was riven, torn from one end to the other by the minions of the Demon and his brothers. No city was left untouched, and no town left unscarred. Great was the loss of life, tragic the loss of knowledge and wisdom of ages, civilisation was set back thousands of years.

Galtar was hailed King and Saviour of the people at the end, and he stayed for a while to set up a lasting legacy, and ensure that

there was a world left. Many years he fought the remnants of the Demon Lord, for not all his minions departed with him and mischief was ever on the cards.

Eventually after a time things began to calm, there were no real wars anymore, trade began once more to drive the lands and the honesty and thrift which had made the lands great before was no longer something that was laughed at. The land began to recover and the sky shone blue once more. On the day when the world breathed a sigh of relief believing itself once more safe Galtar Karan vanished, one day he was there directing everything and the next he was gone, along with his Great Sword.

His legacy has lived on in us his children, the council eventually elected a leader in his stead and that leaders children became our Royal Family. Life continued, but the scars run deep no more a single joined and just land, kingdoms a many grew the Elven and Dwarven distrust continued for terrible things had been done and the long lived races do not forgive easily the slights of their childhood and their losses.

The First

Legends tell that before this age in the time before the races of Terra Proxima came to be here and before the Demons or Angels came the Cread'hor made two powerful races to populate the world. These people were the **Maldnore**, (People of Golden Light) beings of solid light and manipulators of magic; and the **Oldnore** (People of Crystal Strength), whose body's hardness was matched only by their strength.

Warped somehow in their creation these races were doomed to fight one another to annihilation. Mutually antagonistic the Oldnore gravitated towards materialism and physical pursuits and the Maldnore gravitated towards magic and mysticism. Neither could accept the other, and being too powerful for the fledgling gods to intervene it was decided to allow them to resolve their own conflicts, which they did in an orgy of violence and destruction.

Seeing no end to the orgy of destruction and violence Cread'hor decided to step in, because while they were able to inflict devastation on the world they were virtually impervious to harm themselves. It falls to the creator of something to destroy it and so he destroyed both races.

A merciful deity the Cread'hor could not completely destroy what he had made so lovingly, but he needed to make what had happened to his world never happened again. No creation of his be so polarised that they be set on a path of mutual destruction. Taking the seeds from other worlds, he planted them on Terra Proxima and taking the very essence of both his first creations he blended them together. Everything and everyone would have some of the light and some of the crystal of the first time.

With the seeds of magic sewn across the land, it was inevitable some would come together, concentrated and distilled. With it the wild magic of the world can be tamed, it is the Soluakh the essence of the First.

The Karan Blade Campaign

The tome you have on your hands is a guide to the vast and amazing lands of Terra Proxima. This is an original fantasy setting that is suited for roleplaying with the d20 system rules, but could be also used in conjunction with many other roleplaying systems of your personal interest. It has new rules for races, classes, prestige classes, spells, monsters, feats, and so on. A great resource for those who need to enhance their home campaigns, and an even greater one for those who still do not have a campaign going on. It is a setting for Demonic encounters, ancient mysteries, powerful and rare artefacts, great battles and never ending adventures. Make your own Karan Blade out of it!

The Core Rulebooks

You will need to use all the three *Core Rulebooks* of the d20 system to best use the material in this book. The books are published by Wizards of the Coast, and can be found at almost any store that sells roleplaying material. Other sourcebooks and rulebooks of the d20 system are also recommended if you wish to enhance your playing. Most of them can be easily converted to the Karan Blade setting, and we will tell you what are our house rules in the following chapters of this book.

How to read this book

Players beginning a Karan Blade campaign should start by creating a Karan Blade character. Talk with your GM about the character options he intends to make available in his Karan Blade game. After that, Chapter 1: Characters is the first place to go. Chapter 2: Magic is also useful if you create a spellcasting character, and Chapter 5: Deities is important if you are going to play a cleric, druid, paladin, or ranger character.

If you're a Games Master starting a Karan Blade campaign, you should read most of this book eventually. It's full of information to better detail what your players are going to find, learn and feel through the

Karan Blade NPC

Garlik

Male torannian (plane touched) Ftr3/Wiz17:
 CR 21; Medium-size humanoid (human); HD 3d10 -3 plus 17d4 -17; hp 52; Init +6; Spd 30ft.; AC 18 (touch 12, flat-footed 16); Atk +19/+11 melee (1d8+3/19-20, +4 vorpal longsword) or +17/+9 melee (1d6+3/19-20, +3 defending shortsword) or +14/+6 melee touch (by spell); SQ Cold, fire and electricity resistance, Darkvision, Spell-like ability, Permanency spells; AL N; SV Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +16; Str 16, Dex 15, Con 8, Int 21, Wis 18, Cha 10 Height 6ft. 10in

Skills: Alchemy +15, Appraise +7, Bluff +3, Climb +7, Concentration +17, Craft (weaponsmith) +11, Diplomacy +2, Disable Device +6, Disguise +1, Gather Information +2, Heal +6, Hide +25, Intimidate +2, Intuit Direction +10, Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (geography) +9, Knowledge (history) +11, Knowledge (local) +11, Knowledge (nobility) +9, Knowledge (the planes) +7, Knowledge (religion) +9, Listen +5, Move Silently +16, Ride +8, Scry +15, Search +7, Sense Motive +6, Soluakh Feel +16, Spellcraft +21, Spot +6, Swim +9, Tumble +3

Feats Scribe Scroll, Craft Magic Arms and Armour, Ambidexterity, Two Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (longsword), Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, Spell Mastery (magic missile, identify, fireball, stonewall, teleport without error), Empower Spell, Maximize Spell, Still Spell.

Special Qualities: Fire resistance 35, Cold and electricity resistance 5, Darkvision 60 ft, Darkness (Sp) 1/day, Permanency spells cast upon him: *detect magic, read magic, see invisibility, tongues.*

Wizard Spells per Day: 4/4/4/4/4/4/3/2/1

Base DC = 15 + spell level. Caster level 17th

Signature Possessions: *bracers of armour +6, ring of chameleon power, major ring of fire resistance, boots of elvenkind, amulet of proof against detection and location, +4 vorpal longsword, +3 defending shortsword, great soluakh crystal, tiny soluakh crystals (x3)*

Garlik is a vain and dangerous man, seemingly without scruples or morality. He can be very unpredictable, acting with great kindness or complete indifference. His driven by forces most people would not ever want to dream of, on a mission only he knows, and seemingly willing to sacrifice much in his pursuit of that unknown goal.

lands of Terra Proxima. For the GM, Chapter 8: *GM's Guide* is the best place to start.

Character description abbreviations

The character descriptions in this book, whether presented in a section of their own or in a brief parenthetical mention in the text, use a lot of abbreviations: (core classes).

Bnb, barbarian; Brd, bard; Clr, cleric; Drd, druid; Ftr, fighter; Mnk, monk; Pal, paladin; Rgr, ranger; Rog, rogue; Sor, sorcerer; Wiz, wizard; (specialist wizards) Abj, abjurer; Cjr, conjurer; Div, diviner; Enc, enchanter; Evo, evoker; Ill, illusionist; Nec, necromancer; Tra, transmuter; (*Core Rulebook II* prestige classes) Arc, arcane archer; Asn, assassin; Blk, blackguard; Def, dwarven defender; Lor, loremaster; Shd, shadow dancer; (Karan Blade prestige classes) Fb, Freebooter, Sol, Solo, Wm, Wagon Master, Tfb, Tempus Fugit Bards, Fol, Fool, Dma, Desert Mage, Wda, Wind Dancer, CA, Church Advocate, Kca, Knight Cavalier, Kcr, Knight Crusader, Kow, Knight of the Word, Kwc, Knight of the White Cross, (*Core Rulebook II* NPC classes) Adp, adept; Ari, aristocrat; Com, commoner; Exp, expert; War, warrior

Other abbreviations LG, lawful good; NG, neutral good; CG, chaotic good; LN, lawful neutral; N, neutral; CN, chaotic neutral; LE, lawful evil; NE, neutral evil; CE, chaotic evil;

Str, strength; Dex, dexterity; Con, constitution; Int, intelligence; Wis, wisdom; Cha, charisma; HD, Hit Dice; hp, hit points; Init, initiative bonus; Atk, attacks; Spd, speed; AC, armour class; SA, special attacks; SQ, special qualities; AL, alignment; SV, saving throw bonuses; Fort, Fortitude; Ref, Reflex; Will, Willpower.

Karan Blade History

Garlik and Sûr

Known variously as 'The Man-Demon', 'The Red One', 'The Man without a Soul' Garlik, the polemic former governor of Sûr is known to be a 'man' not to be trifled with.

He was born into a noble family in the city-state Sûr, an ambitious 'boy' Garlik grew up telling everyone how he would one day be the City-States Governor. No one who knew him at the time could have any doubt that he would succeed in his ambition even though he was the youngest son, but everyone was surprised how fast it came to pass.

A series of accidents conspired to thrust him into the position of Governor in a way that can only be described as fortuitous, tragic, or down right suspicious dependant on where your loyalties lie.

His parents died after contracting a mysterious and devastating disease of unknown origin. The disease wasted them away in a terrible fashion causing great pain and suffering. They lingered on for many months while their retainers struggled to find a cure. Even the great healer priests of Celenia could find no cure. In the end their death was seen as a mercy, their bodies warped beyond recognition even by their closest kin.

Then there was the death of his elder brother Cirlay the master rider, who's death while hunting on horseback was witnessed only by Garlik. It seems that any who opposed the young man met with accidents, some fatal some not.

By the time he was 19 there were none to oppose him and the people gratefully accepted him as the City-states governor, after the chaos of the previous years. During his first ten years of government, the entire city grew in power, wealth, and prestige. Seemingly, every treaty he signed was to the benefit of the cities people, gaining the better of every trader or merchant who sought to dupe the Governor.

Then, when it seemed he could do no wrong, a change occurred and Garlik made his first mistake, he signed a treaty with the races of the Barren Mountains. These barbarian and savage peoples, including *Orcs* and other monstrous humanoids began to flood into the city bringing chaos and lawlessness with them.

The situation became increasingly chaotic and out of control, trade was suffering, people were being murdered on the streets. Unrest in his leadership became such that fearing for his own life he resigned as Governor.

No one knows what he got out of the agreement with these barbarians but with him gone seemingly into thin air there was little his successor could do to break the agreement.

Eventually gathering a little support from the surrounding city states the people of Sûr ejected their bothersome partners. The creatures went seemingly peacefully, but with a warning of dire consequences for breaking their treaty.

With the city once more in civilised hands the contingents from the other city states left Sûr to defend itself. Which is what the Barbarians had been waiting for, without Garlik's powers to protect it the city was ripe for the picking.

The creatures who had come into the city and caused such chaos had been sent to learn its every defences and lay the foundations for a takeover. Against the legions of Zurtak Sûr stood no real

chance anyway, but when faced with an enemy who knew every secret of the city the outcome was inevitable. The Barren Orc took the city in a devastating raid coming through the gates virtually unopposed, because of treachery inside and out of the city.

Zurtak and his horde rule a subjugated people in Sûr now and nothing the surrounding city states have ever done has made the slightest difference to the iron grip the Orcs have on the city and its lands.

Garlik and his were abouts was the talk of many a tavern after Sûr fell, had he sold out his city, did he make a mistake, was he killed in the attack or is he elsewhere. Some say that Garlik was the son of a demon, some say an angel beget him, but those who might know are silent, long dead of accidents. Those in the know say he sacrificed Sûr in exchange for an antique sword that Zurtak found on the depths of the Barren Mountains, and that he wanders far away Dordread, but truthful or not no one really cares what happened to him, except a few scholars.



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